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1. Poetry, American.

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To my esteemed fruid

Mr. J. J. Charlesie

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Milliam Society Hellyer

Sept. 6. 1905.

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RUGGED S S RHYMES

WILLIAM SIDNEY HILLYER

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ARTOR LONG AND
TILDES FOR LANGE

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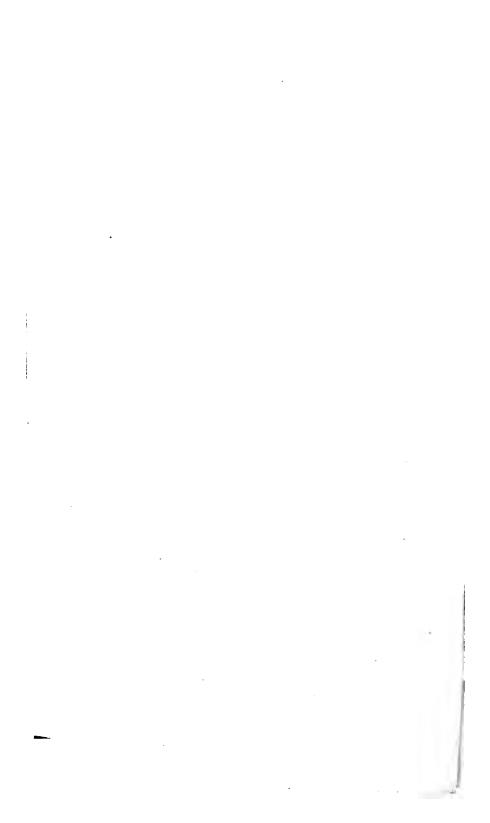
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TO MY WIFE.

For all your love, for all your care, For all you've borne, for all you bear, For what you've been, for what you are, My heart's great ease, my guiding star, I wreathe this garland of my lays, And lay it at your feet in praise; For what you've been to me alway, This tribute of my love I pay.

For all I've lacked I here atone,
And dedicate to you, your own.
You were the inspiration, dear,
Of all the thought recorded here.
The source and spring of all my rhymes,
The critic, too, perchance, at times;
So as your tribute and your due,
I dedicate them, love, to you.



PROEM

Into the world I send these rugged rhymes,
As on an errand we send forth a child;
Unpolished they, and still not rude, but mild
With human sympathy, childlike, at times.
No clarion note sounds here. No silver chimes
Of splendid poesy. No accents wild
Of a soul to grief still unreconciled.
Nor here the hypocritic art of mimes.
But as the tender child goes on its way
And simply does the task it was to do,
So wander forth these simple rhymes to-day,
To reach some kindred hearts and find them
true:

They sing their song to souls that hope and pray, And twine the heartsease always with the rue.

Not nurtured they within that school of thought
That sweet delicacy of phrase doth teach,
Or banal platitudes with culture preach;
But rather with that rougher knowledge bought
From sad experience, or sadly wrought
From hearts that stood within grim sorrow's

Do they with all their simpleness outreach

breach.

Their heartful hand, hopeful to be caught
Within the hands of hearts that throbbing,
beat

In unison with human woe and weal;
And if it be that e'er their passion's heat
Shall cause one kindred soul to glow or feel,
Then shall they know they suffer no defeat,
E'en though they're hurt by critics cruel steel.

WHEN MY PIPE GOES OUT.

- When the murk of twilight settles down and covers roof and spire,
- I love to sit and smoke, beside a cheerful crackling fire;
- And as I puff the vapor from my humble pipe of clay,
- My cares go with the clouds of smoke and serenely pass away;
- The years give back their faces, and old friends pass into view,
- While memory recalls once more scenes which my childhood knew;
- Fancy waves her magic wand and my youth's bright dreams arise,
- Young love's romance I read again—a moistness fills my eyes—
- For there must come a thought, perchance, of days of purest bliss,
- When all the rapture of the world was centered in a kiss.
- The hopes of other times return, and memories throng about,
- But they vanish like the clouds of smoke, when my pipe goes out.

- The hazy vapor rises dimly seen amid the gloom, And in rings of soothing fragrance it floats throughout the room;
- The problems of the future, and in fact, each present need,
- Are lulled into forgetfulness by this narcotic weed;
- It stills the sense of carking care, and dulls the pangs of grief,
- While to the heart bowed down in woe it brings a short relief;
- It wasts me on to Lethe where the silent waters flow,
- And fancy rests in dreamy meads where poppies ever grow.
- The world takes on a rosy hue, its petty troubles flee,
- A happy flood of sweet content comes stealing over me;
- While I smoke I lose all thought of the world's turmoil and rout,
- But I awaken to its sadness—when my pipe goes out.
- Oft, anon, with weirdly power this magic pipe of mine,
- Brings iridescent dreams to me, and fancies most divine.

- Then my soul beats 'gainst its earthly bars and fondly longs to fly
- To the sunshine land of golden dreams where love can never die;
- Where sorrow never has been known, nor dark despairing sin,
- Where hate and wrong and envy's sneer can never enter in,
- Where merit does not fade and die nor droop down sickly pale,
- Ere recognition's loud acclaim to the world imparts its tale;
- Where love has never been betrayed, and where the meed of fame
- Is not bestowed unworthily on the glitter of a name:
- Where faith and hope are never lost within the mist of doubt—
- But my castellated fancies fall—when my pipe goes out.

MEMORY.

The sad remembrance of a hope long lost, Will haunt the soul when grief itself is dead;

And memory still counts the bitter cost

Of wrecked ideals, though sorrow long has fled.

THE PATTER OF BABY'S FOOTSTEPS.

- I love to hear the melody that's in the song of birds,
- I love to hear the music of the poet's tender words,
- I love to hear the break and roar of waves upon the strand,
- And I love to hear the music played by orchestra and band;
- All these do I delight in, but there's something I love more,
- 'Tis the patter of baby's footsteps coming o'er the floor.
- A sweet half hesitation as if baby were afraid
- Of her own timid essay, and in another moment's laid
- Her little head of golden curls upon my parent knee:
- Then all her little troubles cease and all her sorrows flee;
- I love the strains of singers but there's something I love more,
- 'Tis the patter of baby's footsteps coming o'er the floor.
- Sometimes when my plans go wrong and I'm filled with deepest gloom,
- Silent and sad I sit alone within my quiet room,

- And meditate on troubles, ills, and my great load of care,
- And then I feel the weight of woe and darkness of despair;
- But there's a sound that cheers me up and makes me smile once more,
- 'Tis the patter of baby's footsteps coming o'er the floor.
- It follows me when I go forth and meets me on return;
- And for the music, all day long, my heart doth ever yearn:
- I crave not many favors, but for this I often pray,
- May that pattering follow me for many a long day;
- Long may I be sweetly thrilled to my bosom's very core,
- By the patter of baby's footsteps coming o'er the floor.
- But those footsteps will grow apace into a woman's stride,
- And baby's form—a woman's grown—be by another's side;
- Then little forms will come, I hope, and cluster 'round for knee,
- And look up smilingly at her, as she now does at me,

And her dear heart be filled with bliss as mine was filled before—

By the patter of baby's footsteps coming o'er the floor.

THE STORY OF THE "WILLOW PLATE."

Have you heard the story of old Lu Ling
And his beautiful daughter, sweet Lu Sing,
Of her lover Wang and of old Wung Wee,
The tale that on the Willow Plate you see?
Well, attention give to the poet's rhyme,
And list to the legend of olden time;
A story of love from old China far,
When loving tryst 'neath moon and star
Was held, in spite of old Lu Ling,
By handsome Wang and the fair Lu Sing.

A wealthy banker was great Lu Ling,
Adored his gold and his child Lu Sing;
He lived in state near the river's bank,
Where the willow grew and its deep roots sank
To the river's marge where the waters flowed,
And the silent tide in the sunlight glowed:
By a rustic bridge the stream was spanned,
Which joined an isle to its mother land.
On this island fair, in idyllic life,
Lived Lu Ling's gardener and his wife;

True friends were they of the young Lu Sing And ever sought to quietly bring Together,—so doth the legend state—
The Chinese maid and her true soul-mate.

For Lu Sing loved, and she ever sang
Of her father's clerk, the handsome Wang;
And Wang loved her—but ah! poor was he,—
And a rich man's daughter, that was she:
No hope there seemed of wedded bliss;
But fate denied neither smile nor kiss;
And in secret often these two met,
And hoped that fate would favor yet.

One night, to help him sup his tea,
Lu Ling brought the wealthy, high Wung Wee:
Then Wung Wee saw the maiden fair,
And asked her father then and there
For Lu Sing's hand—Wung Wee had gold—
And she'd lived well—but he was old
And ugly—not so was Wang—and she,
Woman-like, equivocated;—Wee
Might wait a month, for brides must dress
In emblematic lovliness,—
And gowns took time to make; and so
Wung Wee, deluded, home did go.

The time drew on, the eve at hand, When Lu Sing with Wung Wee would stand

At the altar—if so they wed—and be
For e'er the wife of old Wung Wee.
But e'en that day Lu Sing had sent
To Wang a message—and he, intent
On its intelligence, had come
To the very door of Lu Sing's home.
The die was cast for the lovers two,
And with deep pledged vows of love so true
They fled—across the bridge where the gardener's cot

Stood in its deep embowered spot;
Then in the rooms of the gardener's wife
They staid some hours—till noise and strife
Told of pursuit; then in a boat
For an island far they set afloat.

Lu Ling had closed no eye in sleep,
And in his restlessness did creep
With slow-paced steps the garden path,
Unmindful of his coming wrath:
As he reached the bridge the wind
Sprang up—the willow swayed—and blind
Did he become, for an insect nigh,
Was straightway blown into his eye.
Then home he stumbled and in agony
For his daughter called—for she
Could ease the pain: No answer came:
Then rage shook all his feeble frame;
To her room he went—she was not there!
In wrath and spleen he tore his hair,

And called his men. No longer blind He headed them—his child to find. They crossed the bridge to the gardener's house, But the worthy gardener and his spouse Affected not to hear each shout, But seeming slept, till the sun peeped out: Then, knowing the friends of their own heart Had now some several hours start. They let the angered father in. He But cursed and stormed the more to see The pair had flown. Then in pursuit He started. With burning rage now mute He sailed the river gleaming wide, With all the speed of wind and tide, Until the pair he had pursued At length in speechless rage he viewed.

The lovers twain some hours before,
Had reached the island's welcome shore;
Some hours spent in love's sweet talk,
And then through woodland paths a walk;
And now with lips pressed unto lips,
Each unheeded minute trips.
No heed have they as time passes by
Of dread pursuit—until a cry
Rings on the air: then from their dreams
They awake to stern reality: it seems
A toss from heaven to hell—for there,
To their souls' most utter deep despair,

The pursuers come with vengeance dire;
They cannot meet that father's ire:
What can be done? There's no escape—
No hope at all in any shape;
But they can die—ah! that can they—
Wang but whispers, she doth obey.
From his breast Wang draws a vial small,
One draught he takes—and that is all:
One look he gives to fair Lu Sing,
She to his body there doth cling:
She takes a draught of the poison deep—
On Wang's breast falls;—in death they sleep.

With arms entwined on the sandy beach, Just out of the water's treacherous reach, Side by side on the yielding sands, The father finds them when he lands: But their spirits in the form of doves, Which symbolizes all their love's Great purity, go soaring high E'en to the vault of the sunlit sky. With rioting soul the father then, And all that turbulent tribe of men. Turned back in madness. At last He reached his home, and passed The portals of the gardener's cot, Slew man and wife upon the spot, Nor felt remorse.—Of his dark end The legend saith not. But the bend

Of the willows the dull earth sweeping,
Give the name to them of the willows weeping:
They weep their tears in the silent air
At the sad'ning fate of the Chinese pair;
And tell to the winds as their branches swing,
The tale of Wang and the fair Lu Sing.
The legend doth this story state,
And 'twas pictured on the willow plate
Long years ago by Chinese hands;
And now is copied in other lands
To tell the world of old Lu Ling,
Of handsome Wang, and sweet Lu Sing.

WHEN THE PROMPTER RINGS THE BELL.

Before the varied play begins,
Riot reigns behind the scenes;
The shifters work like beavers there
Setting castles and ravines:
Busy tumult's on the stage
Confusion in the wings—
But there's a mighty talisman
That changes all these things;
A transformation comes around
Where all had rushed pell-mell
And everything stands in its place,
When the prompter rings the bell.

'Tis the magic sound which tells to all

That the curtain now will rise,

To let the pictured tale show men

How all vice with virtue vies;

The soubrette standing in the wings

Trills a line or two of song,

While by her side the leading man

Stands a type of manhood strong.

There's the debutante who for the stage

Left her home and friends as well—

How anxiously her sad heart beats,

When the prompter rings the bell.

There's the comedian who plays

Though his heart is with his child,

Whom he has left at home to-night

Lying in a fever wild;

As he stands behind the curtain

A message is handed him;

It reads, "Come home—the baby's dead"—

Then the scenes to him grow dim;

A bitter sadness fills his heart,

Which he tries in vain to quell,

A moaning cry bursts from his lips,

As the prompter rings the bell.

The audience sitting out in front
Know but little of the strife,
The heartaches and the bitterness
Surging through this mimic life.

They do not know the ideals lost
The promises unfulfilled,
Nor how ambition in its pride
Is by disappointment killed.
For glorious dreams are broken
By fate's resounding knell,
And many a fond hope vanishes
When the prompter rings the bell.

It behooves us to remember

That this life is but a stage,

And we must play the parts assigned

From the prince down to the page;

The "super" cannot play the king

On intrigue or power bent,

There must be some act minor roles,

So we all should be content;

For on the future life's great stage

Star parts we'll all play well,

So let us all be ready

When the Prompter rings the bell.

KEATS.

A tender carol in a rustic dale,

A gush of music—a glimpse of green retreats,

A chaste young goddness and a lover pale,

Lapped in Arcadian bliss—this is Keats.

BABY STEPS.

- Carefully we stand the baby on her tiny timid feet,
- And to urge her footsteps onward we all coax and do entreat;
- Still she stands in hesitation though assured by word and smile,
- And no prize of sweet caresses will her infant soul beguile.
- But, anon, with gathered courage bravely she essays to trace
- The short distance that withholds her from her mother's fond embrace.
- As each little footstep totters nearer, nearer, to the goal,
- Baby's glee breaks out in laughter, dear courageous little soul.
- Thus at last she reaches mother and receives the meed of toil,
- In the form of tender kisses—sweetness time can ne'er despoil;
- So, each day the task's repeated, till within the course of time,
- Baby walks alone, unaided, through sweet child-hood's days sublime.

- As I watch her, memory wakens—as memory sometimes will—
- Thoughts of silent, crypt-like houses which no no children's voices fill.
- Desolate and cheerless houses though embellished quite complete;
- Soulless all, without the patter of the little children's feet.
- And the dwellers in those houses—do they know the joy they miss,
- Without the little forms to cherish or tiny lips to kiss?
- Joyless, lifeless, is their living, though wealth's pleasures give it ease,
- With no little eyes to brighten, and no infant hearts to please.
- And the ones whose little darlings greet no more their yearning sight,
- What consolement has their anguish, where the balm for all their blight?
- Then mercy have on them oh, Heaven! as they in silent hours weep;
- In the little mounds they visit, all their hopes lie buried deep.
- But the thought should yet sustain them that their darlings have not shared
- All the heartaches and the trials which no mortal's yet been spared;

And the little feet so tender that in childhood's ways had trod,

Now are pattering near the Glory in the nursery of God.

WATCHING THE RAIN.

I sit with my boy in the gloaming,

Looking out through the blurred window
pane,

Looking out on the gathering twilight,

And the mist of the down-pouring rain.

The gloom of the twilight has chilled me,
And the sorrows that can never find rest,
Come back to awaken the keenness,
Of the pain that is hid in my breast.

My boy in his innocent sweetness

Laughs aloud in his pure childish glee,
As the rain-drops fall on the window—

At the rain that brings sadness to me.

I have passed through the valley dividing
The land of the real and ideal;
While the feet of the boy sitting by me
Have the stones of life's path yet to feel.

God spare him the trials, I pray me,

That beset the rough paths of most men,
God help him—I pray as I kiss him,
God help him—and I kiss him again.

A feeling of impassioned sadness

Fills my soul with a soft hallowed pain;
I press my boy close to my bosom,

As I gaze on the down-pouring rain.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

If I had known

That to-day you would be so still and pale and cold,

I would have left those bitter words unspoken;

I would have kissed you as I did in days of old, And not have left you stricken and heart broken,

If I had known.

If I had known-

Oh God! how like a mockery those harsh words seem—

That you were as guiltless as the babe unborn,

Our life had been one fair and long unending dream,

As sweetly rapturous as a summer morn, If I had known.

If I had known

Our dream of love, one day, would come to such an end,

I had prayed God, to ere this let me die;

That your poor heart would to misery's depths descend,

I would not have given ear to that base lie—

If I had known.

If I had known

That your dear hand so often sweetly laid in mine,

Would itself put end to your yet budding life,

No words from me would have ever made you pine,

No act of mine, would have caused you bitter strife,

If I had known.

If I had known

That the end of all your passion would be this, I would have joined you in that venturous leap;

With arms entwined and lips in one last rapturous kiss,

Together we should have gone in final sleep, If I had known.

A CREED.

I fight against the doctrines of a creed

That teaches future woe—damnation deep
And endless punishment. Eternal sleep
Than this is better—better far indeed;
And yet what is Oblivion as meed
For all the things in life that make us weep—
The many sorrows that around us creep—
The deprivations of our daily need.
Teach me a creed that has a promise bright,
Without alternative of lasting hell;
A creed whose star of hope is love's pure light,
Whose hymns are never drowned by damning knell;
A creed of mercy, justice, truth and right,
Where man loves God and God loves man

GONE.

Sweet flower of my saddened heart,
Bright bud of love,
E'er of my life the dearest part,
And joy thereof;
The years are darkened, love, for me,
Since that drear day,
When in the earth they tenderly
Laid you away.

as well.

Amid the day's turmoil and schemes
I see thee dear.

And, when the night brings welcome dreams, I hold thee near;

No hour has passed that has not brought Thy face to me;

Each heart-throb brings a tender thought, Sweet one, of thee.

Could I but hold thee to this breast Just for a space,

And bid thee, dearest, there to rest In that loved place,

The world would be a paradise, The sun would shine,

The joy of years within my eyes Would show in thine.

It cannot be: with ev'ry wind Flowers o'er thee wave;

The tears that now my eyes do blind Fall on thy grave.

But still I know thy spirit's nigh; I cease my moan;

I feel, dear love, that thou art by, My own, my own.

THE SOURCES OF SONG.

In the bright, golden splendor of morning;
In the calm, hazy hush of the noon;
In the sunset the red west adorning;
In the pale, lustrous rise of the moon.

In the fleck of the foam on the ocean;
In the break of the waves on the strand;
In the song of the birds, and the motion
That sweeps through the great forests grand.

In the heart-beats of man and of woman;
In their lives and their loves and their hates;
In their joys, griefs, and dreams superhuman;
In their births and their deaths and their fates.

In the trust in immortal life's story;
In the pulse-beat of hope, swift and strong;
In the faith of the spirit's pure glory,—
Are the inspiring sources of song.

FAME.

A dream within the mind of youth!

A hope—a pain; an intent that permeates

A life. A name within the mouths of men;

A bubble bursting in the air of time—

A fevered living and a bitter death,

And then—a marble slab.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, dear love, may angels keep A tender watch above thy sleep, And in the deep and silent hours Waft thee on to dreamland's bowers. So sweet, good night.

Good night, dear love, may thoughts of me
In sleep unfold themselves to thee,
And thy dear lips in dreams proclaim
The whispered accents of my name.
So sweet, good night.

NOW THAT YOU ARE GONE.

Now that you are gone,
What does it matter that the sun still shines,
That birds still sing and Nature seems to
smile?

My heart each hour in lonely sadness pines, And dreary, weary is the world the while, Now that you are gone.

Now that you are gone,
What does it matter that men call me friend,
That hands touch mine in well meant sympathy?

They lack the thrill that your sweet clasp did send
Into the soul which holds your memory,
Now that you are gone.

Now that you are gone,
What does it matter that the meed of fame
Is mine at last, for work acclaimed well
done?

You are not here to list them speak my name—
I hold it but an empty guerdon won,

Now that you are gone.

Now that you are gone,
What does it matter that some wealth I've
gained?

I wished it once to ease your brow of care; Why comes it now to mock the heart so pained Already with the darkness of despair, Now that you are gone?

Now that you are gone,
What does it matter should I cease to live;
The world is barren of all joy and hope.
I have no heart its tasks to take and give,
No courage with its pettiness to cope,
Now that you are gone.

Now that you are gone,

My life is dark, but, lo! a ray of light
Gleams on my soul and lightens up the way
I should traverse. It is a beacon bright
That turns grief's night to cheerful hope's
bright day,

E'en though you are gone.

Now that you are gone,

I take the task you laid so gently down,
And if I follow in your footsteps true

I yet may win the future's golden crown—
The right to be forever, love, with you,
Where you are gone.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Beneath the shadow of the pine Now low he lies.

While o'er him play the sunbeams fine, From smiling skies;

No sculptured stone to tell his worth Is here upraised,

Nor 'mong the dwellers on the earth Is he much praised;

He struggled for the truth and right In humble way;

He wrote his songs far in the night, And toiled by day.

He sang a few sweet, simple lays Out of his heart,

Too fine to meet much human praise,— Pure gems of art.

His life was sad, but, sadder yet, We won no fame;

He died without the world's regret, Without a name.

Unknown he lived, unknown he died; Yet such as he.

The heroes who have fate defied, Shall ever be

Rewarded with the meed of praise When time doth cease,

And in the light of future days Obtain their peace.

Beneath the shadow of the pine Now low he lies,

While o'er him play the sunbeams fine, From smiling skies;

And as we pass the sacred spot, We gently tread,

For here lies one the world's forgot, A genius dead.

WHEN I WATCH THE CHILDREN PLAY.

When the single star of ev'ning shines in the dusky sky,

And the twilight's tender voices in softened murmurs die,

When in the west there faintly gleams a narrow streak of red,

And to their homes within the woods the robins all have fled,

Then, though my busy fancy through the scenes of life may roam,

A subtle influence recalls my straying thoughts to home;

- And as I sit in silence while the daylight dies away,
- I lose all sense of trouble when I watch the children play.
- When o'er the earth the dreamy shade of peaceful ev'ning falls,
- And to her mate within the trees the bluebird sweetly calls,
- 'Tis a signal for the children then to gather on the green,
- Where joyous sport and merry games lend a charm unto the scene;
- "Puss in the corner," "blind man's buff," they play with joy intense,
- While in "hide and seek" they dodge behind the worn out garden fence;
- Though at bedtime mother stops them, I fain would have them stay,
- For home seems doubly dear to me when I watch the children play.
- This home is but a humble spot, yet love reigns there supreme;
- Its lowliness is lighted by contentment's cheerful gleam;
- The children's merry voices fill its rooms with music sweet,
- And my happiness is tuned to the time of romping feet.

The gorgeousness of riches many sordid men may crave,

And some poor fools may live content in being fashion's slave;

Instead of these give me the peace of love's undying ray,

That in my heart I always feel when I watch the children play.

WHEN EVENING COMES.

Behind the hills the red sun sets; Like lengthened blood stained parapets Rose tinted clouds lie 'cross the west; Fair Nature sinks to quiet rest, When evening comes.

A rustling fills the green hill side,
As through the grasses zephyrs glide;
The sunlight slowly fades away,
And peaceful wanes the dying day,
When evening comes.

The brilliance of the evening star Shines in the western steep afar. Dim twilight's dusky softness fills The valleys and surmounts the hills, When evening comes.

The dancing waters darkly show A deeper undulating glow, And o'er the sombre turning tide The fisher's craft is swiftly plied, When evening comes.

Adown the road the tired teams
Return amid the fading gleams;
The birds' last song is sweetly trilled,
The heart of man with peace is filled,
When evening comes.

Life's many cares and woes now seem
To pass away as in a dream;
A hallowed hush falls on the soul,
And o'er the heart love holds control,
When evening comes.

Ah, would that love would ever reign; And hearts find sweet surcease of pain; Ah, would that we could always feel The tender thrills that o'er us steal, When evening comes.

THE POET'S BLISS.

The silent hours the poet spends with thought,

Hold truer bliss than aught the world contains—

More happiness than Croesus ever bought
With all the fullness of his gold and gains;
For then, within the poet's heart there springs
Fair love and truth of which he sweetly sings.

LOVE'S CRY OF ANGUISH.

The sunlit waves came softly up the strand;

The softened murmur of that golden tide
Broke gently at our feet as hand in hand

We sat so silently, until you sighed
In sweet excess of happiness and I

Breathed words of love you said you'd ne'er forget;

With arms entwined beneath that summer sky In love's first kiss our lips together met.

The winter winds that day were blowing wild

As sad I knelt and saw your soul depart;

And while you fell asleep, oh, love, you smiled,

As if you sought to ease my breaking heart.

The old-time look of love came in your face

Ere on your brow the seal of death was set;
Our arms entwined in one farewell embrace,

In love's last kiss our lips together met.

To mem'ry now there is no other time

But those two days when joy was born and died;

A golden day in love's own summer time,

A bleak gray day when winds and sorrow sighed.

'Neath sunlit skies that tender love was born— The skies were leaden cold that other day,

When bright-winged angels from the halls of morn.

Took you to God and left me here to stay.

Through all the ways of life I walk alone

And tread the paths that you and I once

trod—

The heart within me is as cold as stone,

And not less dead than thine beneath the sod.

From out the darkness where I sadly roam,
I cry aloud in anguish, love, to thee,
Oh, can you hear within your spirit home—
"Come back, oh love, oh love, come back
to me."

CHATTERTON.

As when from out a mass of clouds there darts
The mist-dispelling, earth-refreshing sun,
So out from dark oblivion's cloud comes one
Who gave to song the fullness of his heart's
Young ecstasy; who of all human parts
The saddest played—the great souled Chatterton

Art's fond scion and Nature's noble son.

The feeble shade of Rowley now departs;

Alone stands Chatterton with boyish frown,

And deep despair within his saddened eye;

A yearning look cast toward that golden crown

Which statesmen struggle for and poet's vie;

The soaring soul that Walpole could not down,

Shall live for aye—for genius cannot die.

THE COOL OCTOBER DAYS.

- The quail is piping shrilly in the marsh reeds straight and tall—
- Echo from the fields afar sends back an answering call;
- The skies o'erhead are clearer with a purer, brighter blue,
- And Nature dons her garment fair of changing russet hue;
- The distant hills stand clearly out in perspective tall and fair,
- And sounds are borne distincter on the keener Autumn air.
- A color glory fills the fields from brown to golden blaze,
- And life takes on a purpose, in the cool October days.
- The blood comes bounding stronger through the veins of lusty youth,
- And souls are filled with tenser dreams of love and faith and truth;
- Hope surmounts the obstacles that beset the path of life,
- And courage urges fainting hearts to buckle for the strife.
- The breezes cool are bracing and they fan the whitened cheek,
- Of him who early in the fight has grown so wan and weak;

To heaven thanks are daily poured as rapturously we gaze

On Nature's boundless beauty, in the cool October days.

WHEN DAYLIGHT STEALS AWAY.

I love to stand beside the restless sea,

When westward fades the crimson dying day,

And watch its beauty and its glory flee,

At that still hour when daylight steals

away;

Light flies the wind on rustling pinions gay, Crag piled on crag of snow-pure clouds I scan, With ruddy tints and hues cerulean,

Those Titan forms that through the ether stray.

The chastened lustre of each sunset ray,
Striving to paint some glory while 'tis
fleeing,

With beauty's spirit raptures all my being At that soft hour when daylight steals away.

When evening sheds around her silken calm—

And falling shadows darken all the gray,

Then silence comes—the wounded spirit's

balm—

'Tis beautiful when daylight steals away.

Soon comes the moon high sailing o'er the trees,
Shedding on all her pale and ghostly light.
Sweet benedictions float upon the breeze,

No heart now feels the bitterness of blight.

When eve, the dusky follower of day,

Draws heals the curtain that correctly the

Draws back the curtain that conceals the stars,

A peace prevails that no contention mars, The world grows still when daylight steals away.

SNOWDRIFT.

Cold and white the snowflakes falling,
Cover all the busy town,
Filling ev'ry street and alley
As they drift so softly down.

Pure as prayer the silent snowflakes

Mantle earth with robe of white,

Making ev'ry tree a gaunt wraith

To the children's great delight.

Loud their laughter, shrill their shouting,
As they dance about in glee,
But the silent snowflakes falling,
Bring no merriment to me.

For my thought so sadly busy
Goes beyond the city's bound,
Where the snow is slowly sloping—
Slowly covering a mound.

There the little one so fondly
Held with love against my breast,
Lies beneath the falling snowflakes
In a long, undreaming rest.

On her grave the snow is falling,—
It will fall throughout the night;
It will cover my dear baby
With a pall of virgin white.

But my heart cannot sustain it

It to me is still a pall,

So the tears start to my eyelids,

As the silent snowflakes fall.

AT SUNSET.

Across the beetling cloud's white parapet
The sun-god hangs his streamers of deep red;
Crimson, as if the day's pure heart had bled,
And let its ichor run to where 'twas met
By gray and blue with deepest gold inset;
The fiery grandeur of the day has fled,
And twilight's restful peace comes in its stead,
To ease the world of half its care and fret.
Adown the western steep there faintly gleams

The fading brilliance of departing day;
The ev'ning haze creeps o'er the restless streams,
And silent is the robin's tender lay;
While o'er the heart come soft and hallowed
dreams.

Like beacons bright to light its future way.

VIOLA-A MEMORY.

Viola, you were rightly named,
A violet of sweetest grace;
The fairest flower that ever claimed
In loving hearts a dwelling place.

You came to us in troubled days,

To cheer us with your baby smile,
To comfort us with winsome ways,

And brighten life for us awhile.

Love's latest blossom frail and fair,
You were the first to fade and die;
You left us to our deep despair
With saddened hearts and tear-dimmed eye.

Out on the sun-kissed grassy slope,
We laid you down one summer day;
'Twas then we buried sweetest hope,
In that dark grave wherein you lay.

Oh! how we miss you, little child,

Throughout each weary, lonesome hour;

Your dimpled smile, and prattle mild,

Our little, tender, blighted flower.

To you, through all the coming years,
Our memory shall ever turn;
For you shall ever fall these tears,
For you our hearts shall ever yearn.

God grant us strength to bear our pain,
And give us hope to light our way;
God grant that we shall see again
The babe we lost one summer day.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

On the shores of hearing never yet there broke
The murmuring stream of such melody,
As when your voice within my soul awoke
The thrilling glow of love's bright ecstasy,
When we were young.

In the garden fair of those early years

The flowers blossomed and the sweet birds sang,

And youthful hearts knew neither woe nor tears, But all the hours with joyous laughter rang, When we were young.

The days all glided like a golden stream

Towards the harbor that has made us old:
The time is past of young romance's dream—

Ah, love of mine, the world was not so cold,

When we were young.

The twilight dim succeeds the sunset glow,
Our life's gray eve is nearing to its end;
But yet our hearts the same sweet faith do know,
As when to life love many charms did lend,
When we were young.

We have not aged but in our outer guise,

Our heads are silvered, but our hearts are

gold;

We still view love with deep and tender eyes,

As e'er we did in those sweet days of old,

When we were young.

So shall it be as long as life shall last,

For love's great power rejuvenates us both;
As fancy wanders to the happy past,

We kiss again as did we—nothing loth,

When we were young.

S

FATE.

Dark and fell is the ocean's swell,

As we gaze out to sea;

A storm-tossed boat, upturned, afloat;

A brave lad's soul is free.

Within a cot fair hope is not
Where hope was wont to be;
A mother wild weeps o'er her child;
'Tis dark fate's stern decree.

Again the sea shines merrily;

The sun shines just as fair;

But a mother's heart feels the bitter smart

Of heavy-eyed despair.

THE TALES THAT FATHER USED TO TELL.

- Cooper's Indian tales I've read—Emerson Bennett's, too;
- Sylvanus Cobb's great serials of somewhat lurid hue;
- And I've perused Sir Walter Scott and Kipling terse and strong,
- Thackeray, Hope, A. Conan Doyle and all the gifted throng.
- But though they're great and though their books by many thousand sell,
- They never wrote such stories as my father used to tell.
- When tea was o'er and lessons learned we youngsters gathered round
- The hearthside where our father sat and never made a sound;
- But open-mouthed and sparkling-eyed drank in with eager ears,
- Tales that made our laughter ring or moved us all to tears.

- Those stories would put us children into a magic spell—
- I've ne'er read anything like the tales that father used to tell.
- For hours we would breathless sit and then beg him to go on,
- While mother would expostulate, "Why, look at the hour, John!"
- But we would crave another one and father would relate
- A story that would raise the hair upon each youngster's pate.
- Those stories were most marvelous ones. Were they real? Well,
- I only know we prized those tales that father used to tell.
- When many heroes had been wed and numerous villains killed,
- And mother thought we youngsters had sufficiently been thrilled,
- We knelt down there beside her and with rambling thoughts we said
- The childish prayers that Heaven heard—and then went off to bed.
- And if we dreamed of wondrous things, why lay it to the spell,
- Induced by all the charming tales that father used to tell.

- Many authors of renown it has been my lot to read;
- In fiction I have dallied o'er many a daring deed; But neither now in later years nor in my younger days,
- Have I ever read a story that could win from me the praise
- That once I lavished on the tales in which dad did excel—
- They were really masterpieces that father used to tell.
- I've written stories, too, myself and tried hard to succeed,
- In putting forth a narrative that other folks would read;
- I published one, brought it to dad—was filled with deep despair,
- When having read it he remarked that it was only fair:
- Oh! this I know that I could win great wealth and fame as well.
- If I could just rewrite the tales that father used to tell.

THE SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

- The mem'ry of those simple lays my heart will ever keep,
- The ballads that my mother sang as she rocked me off to sleep;
- An echo of the far off years I seem to hear them now,
- With the little break when she would stop to kiss her baby's brow;
- "Hazel Dell," "Sweet Nellie Gray," and "The Cottage By The Sea,"
- They were among the simple songs that mother sang to me.
- "The Suwanee River" sweetly flows along the course of time;
- "My Old Kentucky Home" I hear with simple air and rhyme;
- "Silver Threads Among the Gold," I recall it with a sigh,
- And the tender lulling cadence of "The Sweet Bye and Bye;"
- I ne'er can hear those old-time songs without they bring a pang,
- For they are hallowed to my heart—the songs that mother sang.

- Perhaps as mother sang them all with me there in her fold,
- She thought of her boy's dim future—its years so stern and cold;
- Perhaps that was the reason she would press me to her breast,
- And with a song of pathos sweet would lull me there to rest.
- Ah! mother would that I again a little lad could be,
- And listen to those old-time songs you sang so tenderly.
- How closely would I nestle in your sheltering embrace;
- How I'd watch your love's sweet rapture reflected in your face;
- And how I'd fondly listen for the love-note in your tone,
- That now I miss so sadly as I walk 'mong men alone;
- All that the years have brought me I'd relinquish without sigh,
- Just to hear your voice again as you sang some lullaby.
- Mother's voice has now been stilled for many a weary year,
- But whispering remembrance brings the tones I loved to hear:

Perhaps within her Heaven home she's singing yet to me,

And her spirit voice is that which I have thought was memory:

Perhaps in life's dark twilight when I'm sinking through the gloam,

My spirit she may lead to her by singing "Home Sweet Home."

MY LAMP.

'Tis midnight's calmful hour and I would write:

But, Lamp, you burn so fitfully and low,

I know your flame is fast expiring. So
I must withhold the thoughts I would indite
To censure wrong and vindicate the right.

Now do I know it wrong to undergo

The stress of dull procrastination slow, And hold for eve what should have seen day's light.

How like unto your fretful dying spark,

Shall one day be that flame that I call life;

Which when it's merging in one night's dull dark, Shall mind me—Oh! had charity been rife—

Of souls I've passed so naked and so stark,

Whom timely love had clothed for all the strife.

A SCANDAL.

Through many years its course it ran To smirch the honor of a man; And in the night of death's dark gloom It came a-knocking at his tomb. But when the sun of truth shone out, It faded with the mist of doubt; Of this man's honor all then read, And he was praised—but he was dead.

BOHEMIA.

There is a land of fancy—and yet this land is real—

Where the lowly born is equal to him of highest birth;

Talent is the coin of realm within this land ideal,
And what you have accomplished, is the
standard of your worth.

The worshippers of Mammon and devotees of rank,

Are ever barred admittance into this glorious land —

This land of right good fellowship where no man ever sank

Through want of brothers' counsel or clasp of friendly hand.

- This place is called Bohemia, its denizens are those
 - Whom mother Nature's gifted with the wealth of talents rare;
- Each woman is a loving queen that tender fealty knows,
 - Every man's king himself though he live on frugal fare.
- The pride of worth is felt by all but not the pride of place;
 - Convention's rules hold here no sway—unfelt staid Fashion's pall;
- All creeds do here commingle and they deem it no disgrace
 - To welcome honest brothers who may know no creed at all.
- He who has, in Bohemia, will generously give To his lesser favored kindred a share of all he owns;
- The greed of gold comes not to blight the happy life they live—
 - Their fortunes are not built upon their fellows' tears and groans.
- An erring brother's failings are with charity all viewed,
 - The slimy tongue of slander Bohemia never heeds;

- With the spirit of true fellowship ev'ry soul's imbued—
 - And lust of gain steels not the heart as needy sorrow pleads.
- The days are fair in Bohemia—sunny days and long,
 - Where friendship shines like brightest sun on thoughts and deeds of worth;
- The nights are fair in Bohemia—nights of joy and song,
 - And laughter rings where Custom cold can see no cause for mirth.
- The season in Bohemia is always summer time, They reck not of a colder clime for wintry winds ne'er blow;
- One's days are passed with reason and another one's with rhyme,
 - And lips meet lips and hands clasp hands and flowers of fancy grow.
- To graven gods Bohemia bends not the fawning knee,
- No homage do its citizens to empty title pay; But talent's pure achievements e'en though modest they may be,
 - Receive their recognition e'er the man has passed away.

Long may that province flourish where merit does not die

In the throes of weary waiting or despair's dull dreary pains;

Where voice of fool is never heard, nor envy's sneering cry,

Where women all are fair to see and all the men have brains.

THE ROCK-A-BYE SHIP.

The Rock-a-bye ship sails every night,

To the haven the Port of Dreams,

While at the masthead shines the glowing light

Of Love's far-reaching cheerful beams.

The Rock-a-bye ship meets never a storm On its way to the Port of Dreams;

The heart of the captain with love is warm— There never was warmer, it seems.

The Rock-a-bye ship makes several trips

To the fair Port of Dreams each night;

The first at six, when a fond mother's lips, Kiss two eyes that are big and bright.

The Rock-a-bye ship next sails about eight, When a youngster clambers aboard;

Then the good ship starts with its precious freight,

By the captain fondly adored.

I own an interest in that good ship,
And I love to witness its start;
So I watch it make each separate trip,
Guided on by a loving heart.

For the Rock-a-bye ship is mother's arms,
The passengers our babies dear;
They stop not to think of nocturnal harms,
Nor the bogie-man do they fear.

May time pass lightly over that good ship,
And the years on it softly lie,
And kind heaven grant, as it makes each trip
May I always be watching nigh.

SPIRIT OF NIGHT.

Speed swiftly on thy wings of balm, Spirit of night! Bring with thee quietness to calm The world's fierce fight.

Bring with thee from the moaning sea,
On breezes strong,
That dithyramb of woe and glee—
The naiads' song.

Bring with thee from the south's green shades
Some fragrance fair,
And freshen all our northern glades
With warmer air.

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Bring slumber to the weary hearts
That toil all day,
Within the city's restless marts,
For meagre pay.

To tired souls bring hope and gain,
And quiet peace;
To sufferers bring, from all their pain,
A sweet release.

Bring love unto the hearts of men,
And hate of wrong,
And thy great joy the poet's pen
Will praise in song.

To her I love bring heart's repose, And ecstasy, And in her peaceful sleep disclose Sweet dreams of me.

THE WINTER MOON.

Cold-pure, with argent light the winter moon Sails o'er the silvered tops of snow-crowned hills, And glints the glassy face of frozen streams; Her pale effulgence fills the bare-limbed woods, And on the world as soft and lightly lies As a mother's kiss upon her sleeping babe.

A REVERIE OF LOVE.

- Can you forget that fateful night—that lustrous night in June?
- The earth lay soft and silvered with our thought all was atune;
- For on the air in balmy waves the scent of roses sweet,
- Came as the perfumed breath of love with ecstasy replete;
- And on the breezes laden with that odorous delight,
- Rose the softly whispered murmurs, the voices of the night.
- They my heart stole from its keeping—I fondly told to you,
- A story oh, so olden but a tale yet ever new.
- The moonlight rested on you and your wealth of waving hair,
- Was a sheen of silken glory in the light reflected there;
- Half hid by langorous lashes was the beauty of your eyes,
- Imprisoning suggestions of the summer's softened skies.
- Your cheeks were tinged with crimson hues the rose could scarce eclipse,
- And parted buds of blissfulness seemed the sweetness of your lips.

- Tender raptures were revealed as your bosom rose and fell,
- And your voice came like the music of a liquid sounding bell.
- Love touched the springs of eloquence, my fervid speech o'erflowed
- The very boundaries of my soul, a tribute it had owed
- To charms like yours which soon were clasped within my close embrace,
- As my heart bathed in the glory and the beauty of your face.
- My lips touched yours in one long thrill, earth faded from my sight,
- And you and I seemed starlings on the bosom of the night.
- The sensuous glow of ecstasy my inmost soul had dazed—
- And dreams Elysian upward sprang as in your eyes I gazed.
- And you so fair, so radiant pure, to me you held so sweet.
- As with my passioned accents your heart there fervent beat:
- We spoke of love—we lived it there in one short span of hours,
- A life of immortality 'mid fancy's roseate bowers;

- And then into my heart there came the joy which Keats had sung,
- A vision of the olden time when all the world was young;
- Ah, sweet we lived Endymion's love in the argent moonlight there,
- Amid the night's soft murmurs and the pure rose-burdened air.
- So may we live through all the years, through nights of argent bliss,
- So may we live through sunny days made golden by a kiss;
- So may we live when nights are dark and days devoid of sun,
- Until within the strand of time our own life's sands have run;
- Then when the call for silence comes may we together go
- When the roses give their fragrance and the silver moonbeams glow;
- And as the argent glory bathes all the world in light,
- May our spirits know love's rhapsody as on that lustrous night.

A BOY AZ IZ A BOY.

- I like a boy az iz a boy—not one of them air kind So dressy-like an' delliket—so cultured an' refined,
- With Fauntleroy hats an' suits an' stringy yalyer curls,
- An' general get-up like ez if they wuz only girls; I like a boy thet's hearty an' not like a great big toy;
- I like a boy thet's human-like—a boy az iz a boy.
- I like a boy az iz a boy, who plays leap-frog an' tag,
- Whose hank'chief sometimes resembles—well a discolored rag;
- A boy thet splashes in th' pools when summer rains come down,
- A boy that likes t' foller a perseshun 'round th' town.
- I like a boy az iz a boy—one who sometimes glories
- In tales of bloody piruts an' thrillin' Indian stories.
- I like a boy az iz a boy-one thet y' can't mistake,
- A boy thet will occasionally some commandments break;
- I like a boy who's apt sometimes t' dirty shirts an' collars,

- Who's got an appetite, too, thet's worth ten thousand dollars.
- Tho' sometimes he's a nuisance, he'll finally prove a joy;
- I like a boy thet fights, by gosh—a boy az iz a boy.
- I like a boy az iz a boy—a boy who's not a fool, Who'd rether go a-fishin' eny day than go t' school.
- I like a boy thet climbs up trees, goes gunnin' too, fer rats,
- A boy who stones all strayin' dogs, and pelts the neighbor's cats;
- Tho' this seems cruel-like, it's only boyish glee, by gum,
- Which th' sorrows of th' after years will knock t' kingdom come.
- I like a boy az iz a boy, whose hands ain't always clean,
- A boy thet's rough but generous, a boy thet isn't mean;
- A boy who's sometimes sassy, but loves his dad an' mother,
- A boy who's allus fight fer his comrads or his brother;
- I like a boy like this t' love—an' sometimes, too, t' swat him—
- I like a boy az iz a boy, an' thank God, I hev got him.

THE QUEEN.

- There's a tiny little monarch who queens it o'er my heart,
- And from her throne of sovereignty she will ne'er depart;
- She rules her little monarchy with self-assertive will,
- And no matter what she dictates we must obey her still.
- She's not learned in the wisdom of economic rules,
- Yet a knowledge she possesses that's not imbibed from schools.
- Her subjects love her tenderly—tenderly she loves them;
- Love is the sceptre that she wields and Love her her diadem.
- Her palace is our humble house, her throne a big high-chair;
- And her royal occupation—to banish all our care.
- Her crown is made of golden curls that on her temples shine;
- She sways it with a regal grace o'er mother's heart and mine.
- This queen is only three years old yet wiser far than we—
- Her royal favors she bestows on mamma and on me.

- Live on, live on, oh mighty queen and rule this heart of mine,
- Till on my head the argency of silv'ry locks does shine:
- Live on until my life is o'er and from your rule I've passed,
- As gracious then as you are now and happy to the last.

THE EMBERS' GLOW.

- The winter winds blow lustily, the air is bitter cold,
- The hoary frost lies thick and deep on upland and on wold;
- The bare-limbed trees shrink from the touch of winter's icy breath,
- And the babbling brook's sweet music is stilled in frozen death;
- But safely housed from chill and blast I take my easy chair,
- And place it by the hearthside where the fire blazes fair;
- So little care I for the gales that 'round my dwelling blow,
- As in the twilight gloom I sit, and watch the embers' glow.
- The cheerful blaze sends forth a heat that permeates the room;
- The flickering light half penetrates the fancy wak'ning gloom;

- And the shadows that go dancing on carpet and on wall,
- Seem the ghost of vanished pleasures that come at memory's call.
- And through the length of years return the days of hopeful youth,
- When life was all a golden spell of love, romance and truth;
- When the heart was filled with summer dreams that knew no wintry woe,
- And faith burned bright within my soul as now the embers glow.
- Ah! me, what changes years bring forth—what dreams and hopes are killed;
- What hearts wherein warm love once beamed seemed fated to be chilled;
- What havoc's wrought all unforeseen, by that dark traitor doubt,
- That drains the springs of human love and draws its essence out—
- And leaves the stricken soul fore'er to wither and decay,
- In the very fields where there once bloomed the flowers of love's May.
- Although my heart beneath such weight has bended deep and low,
- Hope's reassurance seems to shine within the embers' glow.

A fairy hand appears to me and points into the blaze,

And brightly there a vision dawns of happy youthful days;

When boyish thought's sweet purity knew not the smirch of sin,

And honor's height—in all the world—seemed the only point to win.

Though conscience tells of unkept vows—of duties never done,

I now repeat old promises, repeat them one by one;

Come love, and faith, and all the dreams the heart of youth did know,

Revive my drooping soul once more as I watch the embers' glow.

CONTENTMENT'S CREED.

What does it matter if my life be spent
In humble sphere devoid of wealth and rank,
If so it be that I am well content,
And yet find heart my fortune still to thank.

What does it matter if at night I sleep
Beneath no coverlet of silk or lace,
As long as I my innate manhood keep,
And sell not honor for a bondman's place.

What does it matter if at morn I rise
In no luxurious apartment grand,
If I do stem the tear in sorrow's eyes
And to my fellow man give friendship's
hand.

What does it matter that if when I dine

My small repast consists of frugal fare—

I do not sigh as long as health is mine,

And song has power to ease my heart of care.

What does it matter if my mortal form
In fashion's raiment is not fine arrayed,
If but my soul is clothed against the storm
Of prejudice—and views hate unafraid.

What does it matter if the meed of fame

Does not reward me for my life's poor task;

If loving lips with kindness speak my name,

It is enough—no more I would nor ask.

What does it matter that if when I've died

No creed's vain pageantry bedecks my bier;

If e'er in life to do the best I've tried,

To God I leave the rest—I have no fear.

MY CIGAR.

I watch the smoke from my cigar,
And think how little riches are;
How small is rank—how empty fame,
How little worth is fortune's game;
For better far than all of these,
Is rich contentment that doth please
The heart of man as weary care
He helps his stricken brother share.
More precious than the richest pearl,
Are tender thoughts that come, when curl
The smoke wreaths in the ether far,
Like incense from my mild cigar.

Soft rings of perfume float on high,
And thoughts of trouble pass me by.
At ease with man—all strife at rest—
I feel, within my quiet breast
Forgiveness for all who may
Have wronged me—and I pray
For pardon for all wrongs I've wrought;
And for the pain I may have brought
To other hearts unthinkingly;
I dream a sweet philosophy,
Which no grim burdens ever mar,
As I watch the smoke from my cigar.

I have not been false fortune's slave, And have not managed wealth to save; But fate's been kind—I thank my God, For quietly my feet have trod

The paths of peace, long after years
That had their share of griefs and tears.
Up with the smoke all cares now go,
And naught but happiness I know;
The joys of happy home are mine,
And for them fortune I resign;
Love's bright light shines like a star,
Amid the smoke from my cigar.

THE POET'S AWAKENING.

A mystic thought crept through his mind, Illusive, vague and undefined; Like something in a mirror glassed, Its semblance faded as it passed; Yet, ere it faded, on him grew, A sense of all that's fair and true. In story, song and legend old Of sunny climes and ages gold. Some magic whisper then he caught, Of tender nature's inmost thought; Of Pan-like tunings on the pipe, And mellow fruitage falling ripe From those ancestral trees of song, That to the olden time belong. Then sweetest music filled his soul. And held him bound in soft control, A subtle something through him crept, And woke a chord that erst had slept; He woke-from earthly bonds set free, He woke—to love and poesy.

THE WORLD'S SONG.

Unto their mates the birds all sweetly sing,

The breezes sing unto the waving trees,

And songs are sung to beach and coral strand, By Arctic oceans and by tropic seas;

The mother sings unto her blinking babe,
The maiden sings unto her lover true,

The poet sings unto the world his lay

Embracing all beneath the heavens blue.

To one grand song the universe is tuned,

The Master Hand has touched the living

strings,

No discord but in man's dark sin and hate—

The one false note in the song that Nature sings.

HARVEST DAYS.

Soft clouds of fleecy whiteness 'cross the heavens leave their trail;

In the meadow cries the plover, in marsh reeds pipes the quail;

The cattle browse contented through the fields of waving grass—

They scent the clover's perfume as refreshing breezes pass.

The trees with laden branches are all bending to the earth.

To kiss the breast of Nature where their bounty had its birth.

- The tasselled corn has ripened 'neath the sun's bright golden rays,
- And sweeps of russet glory tell the tale of harvest days.
- The birds sing sweet thanksgiving from the depths of leafy shades,
- And hymns of praise are rippling from the brooks within the glades;
- Man's prayers are high ascending to the throne of Good and Grace,
- As he views the boundless beauties now spread o'er Nature's face.
- The morns are full of rapture—the evenings cool and still—
- A thrilling gush of music comes from woodland and from hill;
- The twilight fills the valleys with a softened mellowed haze,
- The joy of life teems through the heart in hallowed harvest days.
- The crops have all been gathered and the hay is drying fast,
- Earth's face is sweetly smiling—Summer's heat and drouth are past;
- The seeds sown in the Springtime by the farmer's careful hand,
- Have ripened to nutrition that shall nourish all the land:

We may take a striking lesson from Nature's ample plan,

In the good she exercises for benefit of man; We should sow the seeds of goodness in life's divergent ways,

And reap a crop of comfort in our easy harvest days.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

After tea all the children come
Clustering 'round my knee;
To play some game they all do beg
Persistently of me.
Then there's a caper that I cut
Which greatly pleases all—
'Tis when I try to quaintly throw
Grim shadows on the wall.

Indian heads and pussy cats,
And birds that do not sing;
Butterflies big, rabbits small,
And eagles dark of wings;
Little ponies and goats that butt,
And roosters straight and tall—
A menagerie starts up when I
Throw shadows on the wall.

Dogs minus tails, and donkeys, too,

Elephants small but weird;

Quaint swans and geese, sheep with no legs,

And a man with a bushy beard.

Then little baby laughs in glee,

And jumps to catch them all,

But they evade his tiny clutch,

These shadows on the wall.

Thus we children of larger growth

Clutch at power, wealth and fame,
And seek to gain the prizes in

Life's ever fickle game;
The fleeting shades of our desires

In varied phases fall,
Intangible and vague—they prove

But shadows on the wall.

Oh, baby dear, I hope that when
You grow to man's estate,
That fortune will be kind to you
And bright will be your fate;
That your aspirations, aims and dreams
And hopes, both great and small,
May not elude your clasp as did
The shadows on the wall.

THE DEAD DAY.

In the west the day is fading,
And the glint of sunbeams fine,
With a quaint, fantastic shading,
Paints each tree and bush and vine.

In the dell the darkness thickens
And the birds are hushed and still,
While the cricket's chirrup quickens
Lazy memory with a thrill.

Now fades the iridescent glory

Of the purple, blue and red,
And deep silence tells the story

That the day at last is dead.

Serene and still the day's departed,
In the quietness of peace,
Now the weak and weary-hearted,
From their troubles feel release.

Now the flowers low are bending

In the cool and wavering breeze,

While the evening wind is sending

Mystic murmurs through the trees.

In the sun the lake no longer

Sparkles with a fitful gleam,

Amid these scenes my heart grows stronger,

And my soul begins to dream.

Here let me sit while twilight's folded In the restful arms of night; Here let the rising thoughts be molded That shall sing of truth and right.

As this Summer day has ended
In a haze of ruddy gold,
So, when my weary way is wended
And my heart is growing cold.

Let me fade as each bright ray does;
Let my soul with the light depart;
Let me die as each fair day does,
In the twilight of the heart.

THE CLOCK.

Oh! warning monitor of passing hours,
Who heeds the message there upon thy face!
Where rushing minutes e'er their passage
trace

To oblivion's abysm, where flowers

That bloomed within our youth's bright verdant
bowers

Are faded into nothingness. Where grace
Of life and love and fame are as the chase
Of lightning flashes in the cloud that lowers.
Thy hands move on relentlessly and point
To one Dark Day the future holds for me;
Which though my years by holy and anoint,
Holds yet its terror and sore misery;
When Faith and Hope shall need in essence joint,
Help this poor soul to face Eternity.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

The legend runs that long ago,
The rose was colored like the snow;
Once Venus saw this flower white,
And watched it grow in beauty dight—
She marked its bloom as it was born,
And watered it on every morn:
As she once passed a jealous thorn
Pricked her white foot which sorely bled—
And on the rose a drop fell red.
And o'er the petals quickly sped:
As soon as her sharp cry had hushed
She saw the rose in crimson flushed:
And though this happened in ancient days,
Upon the rose the red still stays.

SIMILITUDE.

I saw a bright star shining in the sky;
I looked again and it was lost among
The countless others; but it was there I know,
Lending its lustre to the brilliant sky.

I knew a good man in this world of ours, And though unknown, unseen amid the throng, He made lives happy, and did all men good, And shed the grace of charity around.

THE ANSWER OF THE SOUL.

My soul and I together sat alone

At midnight's hour so still and chilly dark, And I said unto my soul, "When thy spark Forsakes this weakened frame, its earthly throne, And starts its voyage through the great unknown,

Leaving this body pale and cold and stark, For sorrowing children, wife and friends to mark

With eyes grief-laden and with troubled moan,
Shall I yet know of those I held most dear,
As past great worlds my soaring spirit flies?
Shall I be able to dispel their fear,

From Shadow-land beyond the distant skies, Can I yet aid them as they through darkness grope?

My soul but one word whispered: it was "Hope."

IF WE KNEW.

In the morn of our years could we waken,

To the pitiless, sad sequence of life,

How the hearts in our breasts would be shaken

At the dread premonition of strife.

But it seems as if fate in its kindness,

Had withheld the dark knowledge of fears;
So in the measureless depths of our blindness

We stand undaunted in face of the years.

AT TWILIGHT.

A long thin strip of crimson in the west;
Far-lying clouds, rose-tinted, hugely quaint,
With ruddy softness that no brush can paint,
Outlining the whiteness of their snowy crest.
Returning birds, home-winging to their nest,
Outvoicing all their nature's unrestraint;
Odors that on the ether seem to faint
Like love-lorn roses on a maiden's breast.

The creeping dusk with dawning moonbeams rent,

Fills all the world with soft and hallowed peace;

And faintly far, with salt sea breezes blent,

The sailor's song tells of his toil's release:

The waves break on the shores with force wellspent,

And sound the dirge-note of the day's decease.

HOPE.

Like the pure breath of new-born spring, sweet hope

Refreshes all the soul, and in the heart Implants the strong resolves that lead us on To greater and more lofty purposes.

LOVE.

Love lingers longest in the saddest heart,
As soft reproach unto its bitter grief;
With purest touch it brings a sweet relief,
And takes the sting from keen misfortune's dart,
Soothing with its grace the saddening smart

That rankles sore when all the soul's belief Is swept away, and hope itself is brief;

When new-born bliss and old-time joys depart.

Love the sweet fragrance of a maiden's dream,

With languid odor wraps her inmost thought;

And lustres life with ethereal beam,
From some bright spiritual essence caught.
With quiet tyranny it rules the soul,
And o'er the heartstrings holds supreme control.

BEAUTY.

The phantom shape that haunts the poet's dreams, And lures him wide of men on moonlit nights,

Easing all his soul with murmurs of delights In leafy shades by joyous sylvan streams.

The splendor hiding in the sunset's gleams,
So grand that the impassioned painter sights
The unguessed glories of Elysian heights,
More lustrous yet than e'en his vision deems.

The subtle essence of a maiden's thought,

What time that spring still blossoms in the

heart;

The joys of nature that the senses feel,

When with pure purposes our life is fraught.

The great resolves that in brave bosoms start,

When hope fades sadly with the lost ideal.

WOMEN.

The tragedy of life is theirs,

Its many trials and its cares.

The childish griefs—the youthful woes

The tender soul of woman knows;

Their own keen suffering—others' smarts

They carry in their aching hearts;

Man's weary burden woman shares,

Ah, yes, the tragedy of life is theirs.

Nature's recompense is theirs

For all the trouble each one bears.

The lisping "Mother" in childish tones,
This the bliss that woman owns.

Man's strong love and childrens' too,
The heartsease twined among the rue,
The peace of God as relief from cares,
And so, the joy of life is theirs.

THE BIRTH OF SONG.

A shepherd boy out in the hills at night; The bright stars twinkling in the summer sky; The hum of insects and the fragrant air; Lull care to rest, and thought dawns in the mind. A reed is rudely fashioned, and on the night There float the witching notes that tell the world That song is born.

ON THE CORNER.

Alone and silently I stand
On the corner,
And watch the ever varying band
Go by with swiftly hurrying feet;
The miser old, the maiden sweet,
Men who for wealth or fame complete,
I see them all from my retreat
On the corner.

The scarlet woman—the fair pure girl, Side by side in the city's whirl;
The noble—mean—the rich—the poor—
The great—the myriad obscure—
The little ones, whose childish talk
I bless, as merrily they walk
Past the corner.

The wealthy merchant, his humble clerks,
The lowly tramp who ever shirks
The daily tasks that others do;
The dreaming poet who doth pursue
E'en within the city's strife,
The visions that enlarge his life.
Some faces radiant with glee,
Some faces tinged with woe I see
Pass the corner.

How many men now hurrying by
Will never see to-morrow's sky;
How many hearts now beating fast
Shall ere the morrow beat their last;
How many feet will ne'er go past
Again—that corner?

Here comes a bright and happy youth,
With face illumed by beaming truth,
With heart so full of golden dreams
And life of promise—it scarcely seems
That life could end—yet he
Will never again pass me,
On the corner.

So it is I take my stand
On the corner,
And watch this mortal struggling band
Hurry on with bated breath,
Some to hope and some to death.

And in this simple task I find
Meet occupation for the mind;
A deep and wise philosophy
Is daily opened unto me,
On the corner.

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THE NEW AND OLD.

Who is it joins a suffrage club. And clatters round with great hubbub? Who prates upon the marriage state, And dwells on mighty problems great? Who talks of Huxley, Spencer, Kant, And teaches sister, cousin, aunt, The reason why that they should vote, And many learned books can quote? Who lectures, reasons, argues, fights, For her own and all her sister's rights? Who writes in French and thinks in Greek, And several languages can speak? Who advocates the Malthus plan For the non-continuance of man: Who baits her husband till he swears, Nor mends the clothing that he tears? Why the smart New Woman!

Who starts the early morning fire, And gets the coffee we desire; Who fries our eggs and broils our steak, And gingham wears just for love's sake;

Who sews our shirts and mends our clothes, And darns the rents within our hose; Who bakes us bread and makes us pies, Who warms our slippers, buys our ties, Who makes us fathers and who shares Our lot of trials, troubles, cares? Who only speaks her mother tongue, But sings the sweetest songs e'er sung; Who nurses us when we are ill, Then helps us pay the doctor's bill? Who is our best and greatest joy, Who calls us still her "good old boy?" Why the dear Old Woman.

BETTER.

Better to die in the sweet fruition,
Of competence, peace and loyal love,
Than to live to see the parturition
Of unending hate and the grief thereof.

Better to die with the heartfelt yearning

For the golden promise of hope and truth,
Than feel the heart in the breast cold-turning,
And to watch the death of the dreams of
youth.

Of some slight degree of eternal fame,
Than to live a life of long endurance,
Outlasting hope—surviving a great name.

GONE BEFORE.

Long years we loved and love still seemed no less, But stronger, firmer grew with each new day.

Some sunshine ever in our pathway lay,
And there were days of keen and deep distress,
When we knew care, and felt misfortunes press—
Dark days, scarce lighted by a single ray.
But that our love grew colder none could say,

Or that we e'er forgot the old-time sweet caress.

And when she faded as a flower fades

That lives a summer and then droops and dies,

When her bright spirit joined those angel shades

That throng the mystic regions of the skies,

My heart was solaced that on heaven's fair

sea,

Beyond the grave, love floats eternally.

IF YOU WERE NEAR.

If I were dying, love, and you were near,

Death then would lose half of his terrors

grim;

Yea, methinks, I could almost joke with him, And greet him with a smile unknown to fear; If by my side there stood thy presence dear;

Nor at yawning hell's dread chasm would I tarry,

Nor hesitate to let old Charon carry

Me across that dark lake. If you were near

The desert of misfortune I could traverse,
Could meet dull care and sorrows in the face,

And battle with despair and what is worse
The sadness and the stigma of disgrace;

The bitterness of malice and hate's leer I could endure—if you were only near.



ENVY.

Men cavil that the meed of praise I've won,

Nor pause to ask if I have won it fair;

If for some thought or word or action done,

I may some tribute, as a laurel wear.

I e'er I've wrought to help my fellow man,

Or said or wrote some words to ease his

stress,

Why should malevolent envy's ban, Be laid on me in such unkindliness.

I can but say in mine own weak defence,

I have but followed my own beacon true;
I seek not fame or fortune's recompence

But walk the paths inclination leads me to.

This my nature—and if some help I give,
To those less fortunate or gifted less,
Why in my soul, I'm happy that I live,
And consign dark Envy to forgetfulness.

As for my talents, I designed them not,

—Unto the envious I make this plea—

My will or wish increased not one a jot,

They are God's work—though they were
born in me.

So Envy's sneering, dull malicious glance,

That seeks to find my feet within the sod,
Is not to me a penetrating lance,

But insult to our common, gracious God.

WHEN BABY SLEEPS.

When baby sleeps,
Silence reigns thro' all th' house;
I go around jes' like a mouse,
Er walk about jes' like a cat,
An' try to do this thing an' that,
But somehow my soft an' hushened tread
Will always lead me t' th' bed,
Where baby sleeps.

When baby sleeps

Th' hull place is very quiet,
An' mebbe that's th' reason why it
Seems like my baby's here no more,
But's left us fer th' golden shore,
Where she first kem from in th' skies;
Then th' big tear drops fill my eyes,

When baby sleeps.

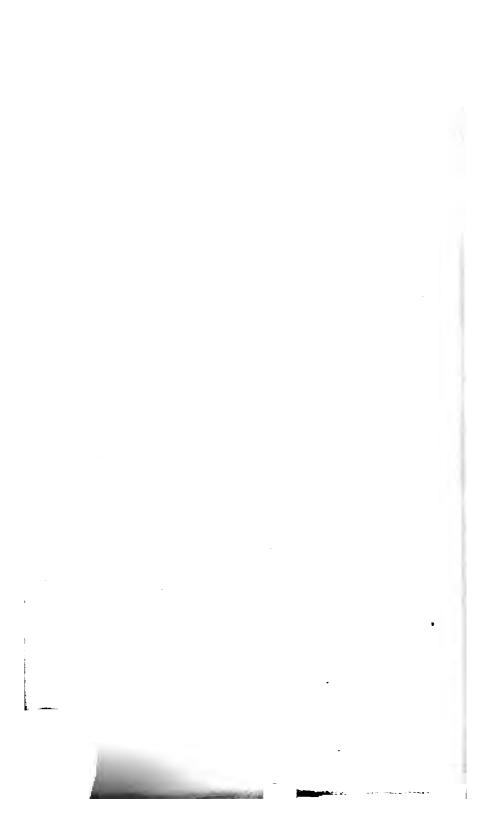
When baby sleeps
I watch and watch her while I sit,
An' wait fer her t' stir a bit;
An' then I take her in my arms,
T' kinder keep away all harms;
But I can't cos there'll be
Troubles in life she can't well flee,
An' dangers everywhere aboun'
So, please God, jes' have an eye aroun'
When baby sleeps.

AS TWILIGHT FALLS.

The night wind murmurs thro the trees,
The grass waves gently in the breeze.
The birds' sweet song is hushed and still,
And softer flows the ripplying rill,
As twilight falls.

Faint shadows o'er the river glide,
The insect hum fills meadows wide;
The tired swains all homeward hie,
When softened glory floods the sky,
As twilight falls.

When on the earth night's hand is laid
The cares of life grow dim and fade.
The stormy paths that men have trod
Are quiet with the peace of God,
As twilight falls.



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